Miss M. Fanny Dodds.

The Bloomfield Record.

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LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

THE LARGEST CAVE ON EARTH.

The great cave lately discovered here has been visited by a multitude of people from various points of the United States. We think that Leitchfield is destined to become the great "Mecca" of the world—for the Masonic fraternity and scientists generally.

For the last two weeks no one has been admitted to the cave except upon presenting a written permit from Mr. Rogers, and those who have been fortunate enough to obtain admission have been principally scientists from abroad, who journeyed here to see the great wonder for themselves. It was necessary to take this step, as the cave was rapidly being despoiled of its contents. Indeed, several of the mummies and some of the smaller Masonic emblems were carried off before Mr. Rogers—or, in fact, any of our citizens—realized the importance of the discovery, and of preserving the contents of the cave intact. The subterranean river has been so swollen from the excessive rains of the past month that no explorations have been made in the avenues beyond it. Excavations have been made, however, in the chambers or catacombs where the mummies and Masonic emblems were found, and in the vicinity of the pyramid, and several tablets with queer hieroglyphics have been dug up, also some bronze and copper vases, and pieces of pottery. A mound was opened and found to contain six well-preserved mummies, reposing in regular order with feet radiating from the centre.

In the discovery of this cave, the key is undoubtedly found that will unlock the mystery of the pre-historic race of America, and also prove their identity with the ancient Egyptian race, who undoubtedly crossed over and peopled this continent, built temples, and flourished in a high degree of civilization until wiped out of existence by the ruthless hand of the savage. The caves of Kentucky undoubtedly afforded them shelter and protection, and were used as a sort of catacomb for the storage of all that was near and dear to them, including their illustrious dead. Such at least seems to have been the case in this instance, whether this theory will apply to the other caves of Kentucky or not.

Many beautiful formations have been discovered during the last week. The stalactites and stalagmites glisten like so many million diamonds. The pillars and columns of alabaster are beautiful beyond description, and its wonders will have to be seen to be fully appreciated.—*Grayson Advocate.*

EFFECT OF NOT EATING.

About four months ago, Peter Lappan, a resident of London, Ontario, was shot through the centre of the body by a comrade who was carelessly handling a revolver. The doctors were of the opinion that the wounded man would die, as it was evident that the ball had passed through that part of the body where the stomach ought to be, and the chances were that a vital part had been pierced. But the man, contrary to all expectations, recovered, and now comes the explanation of the cause of his remarkable escape from death. It appears that prior to the shooting Lappan had fasted for thirty-six hours, and as a result the organs of digestion were shrunken and drawn out of their usual place and out of the course of the bullet. Had he eaten a breakfast that morning, or even supper on the night before, he was a dead man.

MICA MASKS.

Masks of mica are now made by Herr Raphael, of Breslau, for protecting the faces of workmen exposed to intense heat, dust, or the fumes of noxious chemicals. Such for example as metal workers, stone masons, and glass melters. The mask is formed of arched plates of mica, which are quite transparent, and fitted to a metal frame covered with asbestos to render it unattackable by heat or acids. The space between the arched mica and the eyes allows the workman to wear spectacles if his eyesight is bad, or colored shades if the light is strong, without fear of breakage, since mica is a poor conductor of heat. When the mask has to be worn a long time, fresh air can be supplied to the head by means of an India-rubber tube which passes out to the shoulders, and has a funnel-shaped and closed by a moistened sponge.

RAMSES II.

The interest of every visitor to Boolak reach its highest point as the coffin of Rameses II. is reached. Yet here, I confess, I was disappointed. It was evident at the first glance that the outer coffin, at least, was not made at the same date with all those well-known statues of the great King which abound in Egypt. The face is prominent, indeed, upon the coffin. The hands are in high relief, grasping the Osirian scourge and crook; but the face is not from the studio of the artists who carved the walls of Abydus and designed the sitting figures of Aboo-Simbel. On the breast is a legend which includes two royal cartouches or ovals, with an inscription in that hieratic or cursive hieroglyphic writing which is so difficult to read. The names in the ovals are easily read, however—"Ra-messes-mer-Amen" in one; Ra-user-Ma Setep-en-Ra" in the other; but they present, nevertheless, several features which makes them more like the writing of the times of Rameses XII. than of Rameses II. The word "Ma," for instance, is represented, not by the complete sitting figure of the goddess of Truth, but by the ostrich feather, only, from her head-dress. So, again, in the second oval, the syllable "en," which, in the time of Rameses II. was always written with the zigzag letter from which our ordinary written "n" seems to be derived, is here represented by the crown of Lower Egypt, which approaches more nearly to the form of our capital N. It is well known that this form was late in coming into use, and consequently for a time the identification of this, the most interesting and valuable of all the mummies, was in doubt. Rameses XII., an obscure and unimportant King, one of the last degenerate descendants of the old race, was known to have imitated in his cartouches the style and titles of the greatest of his ancestors.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

OUT OF THE COLD.

One sees strange sights from day to day in a city like Stockton—some harrowing, some pleasing, and others tragic or pathetic. One night a number of men sat around a genial fire in a public place, when an old man, white-haired, wrinkled and poorly clad, came in from the dark and severe cold, and half fearfully, it seemed, sat down with a gratified sigh in a warm, quiet corner.

He could now feel the comforting influence of the warmth, for which his aged blood had been crying all the long evening. He was no longer in the desolate street with the ghouls of discomfort and misery, which had been gabbling to him so constantly of suffering and death. He was among men, and, who knows, perhaps friends, where the warm atmosphere was enveloping him like a generous blanket, and where, even now, the sweet angel of sleep was pressing gently his aching eyes.

The old man's momentary elysium was suddenly rudely broken, for loud, heartless words were bandied from mouth to mouth regarding him, and boisterous laughter greeted the insults heaped upon him; the men were not bad; they were only thoughtless. They did notice the sadness of the aged mouth; they thought not, in their youth and buoyancy and health, of the weary years through which the old man had passed, or the fierce struggles he had put forth to escape the horrors of poverty at the verge of the grave; they tortured, while heedless of the fact that hungry-eyed poverty had made the holes in his garments, and that his shrinking flesh was made more shrunken because the warm blood was not there to beat back the icy winds.

They tortured, but did not notice the varying emotion of the old man's mind, showing plainly on his wrinkled features, the trembling of the lips and his efforts to restrain the tears which wholly blind his eyes. At length, making a gesture with his hand, full of dignity, and even grace, and removing his shabby hat, which showed a broad forehead and good head, he painfully rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," said he, in trembling, pleading voice, "you don't know how poor I am, how cold I was when I came in here. I do not ask money from you; I only ask your kindness for a few moments, and then I will go."

The tone, appearance and desolation of the old man just then dawned upon the crowd, and changed their feelings in a moment, and several hands found their way to as many pockets.

"I have a son in this country," he continued. "He was the first boy we had. I am trying to find him. I will go soon."

Before any of the crowd could speak, a big, strong man, clad in good, comfortable garments, and who had been reading a paper, suddenly rose from his seat and walked over to the aged man, gazing intently into his face a moment, and in a voice in which were blended affection and astonishment, said:

"Father! father!"

The eyes of the two men met. The change in the old man's face was most angelic. He did not speak; he could not; but the joy he showed was eloquent and transfigured every line. Tottering a step or two, he reached out both his arms, and fairly fell upon the strong, broad breast of his son, where he lay several moments like a tired child. And the tears in every eye in that place were eloquent with sorrow for the thoughtless pain they had inflicted, and one big fellow showed his emotion by saying:

"Come up, everybody, and take a drink to the old duffer."

BY-AND-BY.

There is music enough in these three little words for the burden of a song. They are full of hope—hope for the future—hope felt by many a human heart—hope bright and glowing in anticipation of the joys of happy days.

"By-and-by." Familiar words! We heard them long ago, when but a child ourself, as to a baby-brother, just commencing brief journeys from chair to chair, mother said, "By-and-by." "By-and-by" lisped the little boy as he looks forward to the time of exchanging his frocks and pantalets for trousers and jacket. "By-and-by" thinks the youth, as the last term of his school-days is ending. "By-and-by" ponders the young man while at his trade, or in his clerkship. "By-and-by" again is heard as his plans of life are forming. And "By-and-by" whispers the maiden. "By-and-by" and the locks are silvered o'er.

Sometimes these words sound like a song sometimes like a sigh or a sob; but "By-and-by" has more sweetness than sorrow. The burden of its theme is anticipation; and though thrice and oft the reality eludes the grasp, fresh hopes succeed, and phantom-like and flitting, they lure onward. Many times have those little words beguiled us, us, and still the memory of that silvery "By-and-by," like the sunrise of Ossian, is pleasant but mournful to the soul.—*Bloomington Eye.*

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he is dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself.